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Patritius.

BY COZ.

Patritius, Patrick, Paddy, Pat,
A more exalted name than that
May not be found the ranks among
Of mighty chiefs, whom poets sung,
Or whom great actions raised on high,
Immortal, destined ne'er to die!

Its sound recalls heroic times,
Rehearsed by bard in runic rhymes,
When Romulus upreared the wall
Of queenly Rome, forbid to fall
By Fate, until that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Patritius means *patrician*, or
The "noblest," first in peace and war:
The "PATER PATRIE,"—dearest one
That e'er his country gazed upon;
The Senator, whose every word
The heart of patriot upstirred
To fall for fatherland; the KNIGHT
Whose martial prowess ruled the fight:
The brave, the gentle, true and wise,
Whose fame, whose virtue never dies—
All *that* Patritius meant, and more,
In olden time, in days of yore,
When noble, noble *was*; and when
There *were* Patricians, noble men!

Upon the wave-washed, gleaming sands
Of Innisfail, from eastern lands
Appeared a glorious vision—one
Bright-beaming as the rising sun.
The world-redeeming Cross before
His steps advanced, the Book he bore
Of life unending; at his word
Down dropped the warrior's bloody sword,
Down fell the idol; stately rose
The Christian temple, friends of foes
He made; of heathens, Christians: they
That groped in darkness saw the day
Of Truth Eternal, hymns of praise
Loud-chanting to the Full of Days—
What God-sent being blessed them thus?
Green Erin's Saint, Patritius!

Patritius! oft, O honored name,
The blush of anger and of shame
Suffuse my burning cheek, to see
Some senseless fool denying thee—
The name that saints and sages bore,
The name that kings and heroes wore
As proudly as a diadem,
The name that sparkles like a gem
Before the world's admiring eye—
Can it be possible, you cry,
Can there be found an Irishman
Ashamed of it? alas, there can!
Yea, there are beings low and base,
Vile scions of a noble race,
"Degenerate sons of hero sires,"
Whose soul no *patriotic* fires
Excite to aspiration grand,
Who, dastard-like, deny the land
That nourished them, that gave them birth,
Beneath whose soil in sainted earth
Repose their fathers' bones; who shame
To speak that country's sacred name—
Thank heaven, 'tis the vile and base
Who thus their native land disgrace!

THE *Dartmouth* speaks of Tennyson's noble epic, the *IDYLLS OF THE KING*, as "*Saxon legends*"; thus, at one fell stroke, depriving the Celtic race of their kinship with the ancient British, and with the peerless king, *Flos Regum Arthurus*, and his Table Round.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

System—Its Influence on Success.

BY M. B. B.

The first great aim of man is success. From the little child of four or five summers pursuing the restless butterfly that flits among the flowers of his father's garden, to the man of mature years endeavoring to encircle the globe with a path for the lightning messengers of his thoughts, the most powerful motive to exertion is the prospect of success. Yet how few, comparatively, attain that much desired object of human ambition! How many men, even, pass through life, meeting with nothing but failure and disappointment, till they finally come to the painful conclusion that some inexorable *fate* pursues them, taking a malicious pleasure in thwarting every plan, however well laid, and rendering their most earnest and best meant efforts fruitless!

Is this a just conclusion? By no means. Fate, in the sense of these unhappy victims, is a mere creature of the imagination;—the *result* and not the *cause* of their disappointments. Why, then, do so many men fail to win success? Is it because they lack ability? No. All men possess ability to succeed in some one, at least, of the many departments of usefulness, and the great majority of men possess ability in a much higher degree than is generally supposed—the error of our judgment in this respect arising from the fact that much of the ability which men actually possess never becomes manifest, either because through indolence or a mistaken diffidence it is never applied to any work of merit, or because the repeated failures of men's undertakings, though the result of quite a different cause, lead to the hasty conclusion that ability is wanting. But what are the causes which lead to failure notwithstanding the actual possession of ability to succeed? They are: want of system and want of perseverance; and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it will be found, on careful investigation, that failure is the result of one or the other of these causes, if not of both combined. Consequently, the opposites of these: namely, system and perseverance, must be essential to success. We will, however, confine ourselves, for the present, to an inquiry into the nature and influence of *system*, as a necessary means of success; as this is, perhaps, the less understood of the two. At some future time we may return to the subject of perseverance.

By system we mean the proper arrangement and timely application of the means necessary to attain any proposed end. The whole theory of system may be summed up in these two very sensible though somewhat trite sayings: "Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place;" and "Have a time for everything and do everything in its proper time." These maxims are applicable in every department of industry, and unless they be attended to, complete success may not be looked for. To establish the truth of this, we have only to take a brief glance at the

nature and workings of man's physical and intellectual organism, and the laws which govern its operations; whence we will see that for the natural and harmonious exercise of our faculties, on which our success in life depends, system is necessary. This will give us a basis for further inquiries.

With regard to the physical part of man's being, experience and the testimony of those who have made man their special study, establish beyond doubt the following facts: First, in respect to labor and rest, we know that a man cannot labor continually without becoming exhausted; nor can he rest always without becoming weak and subject to disease. Hence a due proportion of labor and rest is necessary to a healthy condition of the physical man—labor being required to give strength and vigor to the frame, and rest being equally necessary to enable the body to recover the energy expended during the time of labor. The exact proportion of labor and rest will, of course, depend mainly on the individual constitution of each one, some men requiring an amount of physical exercise which would occasion serious damage to others less muscular. The same care must be exercised in the taking of food. Were a man to eat continuously, the digestive organs would soon be overpowered and exhausted, and disease and death would be the inevitable consequences; on the other hand, were he to abstain from food entirely, his body would waste away from want of nourishment, and the same fatal consequences would follow. Hence a due proportion of food, taken at proper intervals, is necessary to the health and vigor of the body—this proportion, both as regards quantity and the proper intervals of abstinence, depending, as in the preceding case, on individual circumstances. In the same way we might go on to show that regularity in all the physical actions of man is necessary to a natural and harmonious development of the physical powers, or, in other words, that man, physically considered, should be systematic in his mode of life in order to develop and preserve those physical powers with which the Creator has endowed him. But we have said enough already for our purpose.

Turning now to the intellectual life of man, and taking, as before, experience and the testimony of the wise and learned as our guide, we find that the same alternation of exercise and rest is as necessary to a proper development of the mind as to that of the body; for, in our present state of existence, the mind operates through the medium of the brain, and the brain, being material, and, consequently, capable of development, and waste, like the other parts of the body, requires alternate exercise and rest to promote its healthy growth. Hence the mind cannot continually be engaged in severe exercise; as it would thus exhaust the brain; and the instrument being deranged or weakened, the intellectual operations would be correspondingly weak and inefficient. Nor can the mind remain always, with impunity, in a state of rest, or disengagement from

serious exercise; for, in this case, the brain would grow dull from want of use, and no longer be a suitable instrument of thought. Consequently a proper development and healthy tone of mind requires systematic exercise, alternating with intervals of relaxation, the proportion of each, as in physical exercise and rest, depending on individual circumstances.

Now, as a regular and systematic mode of life is necessary to a full and healthy development of body and mind, and as the body and mind are the only instruments by which we can achieve success, we would be justified in concluding, *a priori*, that success in any undertaking requires systematic action on the part of the agent. Nevertheless let us go a little further in our inquiry, and see whether this conclusion is borne out by reason and fact.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

PROMOTED BY POPE URBAN II—PREACHED BY PETER THE HERMIT.

A Drama.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

[GODFREY'S Headquarters—GODFREY DE BOUILLON, Duke of Lorraine—TANCRED.]

[Enter BOHEMOND—He greets GODFREY.]

BOHEMOND.—God greet you well, Duke Godfrey; and for you, (*greeting Tancred*) My cousin Tancred, though I prize your worth, Can scarce forgive your tardy missive. Aye! The Council of Clermont has broken up, And I, a lag-last for my evil luck, Have missed the Pope's speech.

[Enter ANDREW and PAUL.]

TANCRED.—How failed my message?

BOHEMOND.—That blundering jack-daw, Alfred, lost the word,

And gave me, furthermore, assurance false, That I was not to start before the twelfth,— Hence, bent upon Amalfi, I laid siege, Not certain if the enterprise proposed Should fail or no. Had I your word in time, The Prince of fair Torrento had been first To offer men and means to help the Pope.

ANDREW.—(*Saucily, like a privileged servant.*) Prince Bohemond, you missed a good threshing— (*laughs*) A grand admonition: one you ought to take.

BOHEMOND.—(*Puzzled*) What means the fellow?

ANDREW.—For fighting Christians Over in Amalfi. Ho! if the war Should prove a lucky thing, the Prince will help. On my cuirass! That's brave!

PAUL.—(*Taking ANDREW by the collar—Enter a large group of Crusaders*)

There, hold your tongue!

Look out, boy; let your cups alone, and learn To show the Prince good manners, if you please.

GODFREY.—The Pope spared not the warlike feudal lords,

Nor they who bear arms for them. Bohemond, Never felt I the grandeur of the skill Vouchsafed a Christian warrior, till that hour Before the famous Council.

BOHEMOND.—Pray, good Duke, What said Pope Urban, thus to set the world To heaving like the ocean in a storm? 'Tis like an inspiration.

GODFREY.—He but told The truth in moving measure.

PAUL.—(*Aside to his comrades*) Come on, boys, Let's hear Duke Godfrey tell about the Pope!

TANCRED.—'Tis time to be aroused. Our trade abroad—

Our bare existence as a Christian power—

The Saracen is aiming to destroy. To blind our eyes to Turkish arrogance Is quite fool-hardy. 'Tis to lay us down And slumber on Mount Etna.

BOHEMOND.—Yet the Turks Can never do us harm!

GODFREY.—Not if we fight! But non-resistance is to own their sway. Reflect! The mighty cities of the East, Nice, Antioch, and Ephesus, are each Ruled by their Sultan; now they fiercely press On to the Western Empire, and to-day Their impious standard sweeps the Hellespont— Their barbarous hordes there menace Christendom.

BOHEMOND.—But, let them come! How could they cope with us?

One Gallic knight could drive a thousand Turks.

TANCRED.—Admit this true; 'tis cowardice in us If we command such valor, not to use That valor in the service of the Pope!

ANDREW.—(*Waggishly*) That ratiocination is complete.

I'd rather kill ten Turks, who, till they die, Are blasting all that's holy, than to scratch The little finger of a Christian. Why? Because these Turks do live like filthy brutes, And strive to make us Christians like themselves.

TANCRED.—No doubt you see the misery involved In our non-intervention. Palestine, Still warm and wet with our Redeemer's blood, Is at their mercy. In Pope Urban's words:

"'Tis not a question of avenging MAN; No siege of city or of castle towers;— It is the conquest of the Christian's birth-right; The rescue of the HOLY SEPULCHRE; Truce to the City of the King of kings." [cross

BOHEMOND.—I am impatient, Duke, to take the At Urban's hands.

(*Crusaders shout.*)—Long live Bohemond! God wills it! The Holy Land forever! *Deo gratias!*

GODFREY.—The Sovereign Pontiff spoke like one inspired.

"My children," cried he, "victories gained by you Are not the conquests of a single day—

A passing triumph. No! each field ye win, Each city wrested from the Infidel, Will spread rich blessings over all the world! I see the mighty army stretching on— Crusaders conquering to the end of time;— I see their ranks by lustful Turks opposed—

But never vanquished. Nay! the gates of hell Strive fiercely, and are baffled. But for you, Science and Art in bondage to their guile— Corrupted and debased—would writhe and die;

Commerce, subservient to their perfidy, Would prove but bold extortion, and all lands Would sink in woe to worse than pagan night; Hope, enterprise, discoveries and skill,

'Neath the black banner of their crimes be crushed. But what instead? I see the Western world Pour an avenging force to check the Turks; Life kindles through the veins of Christendom; Science strikes off her chains; fleets sent in joy Across the unexplored and pathless main, Conquer another world to serve the Cross!

Crusaders! men of Europe! at your feet The ages fall in solemn gratitude, For you have saved them from the Moslem yoke!" (*Men shout "Long live Pope Urban! Palestine forever!"*)

BOHEMOND.—His arguments in eloquence surpass All human logic. [pass

TANCRED.—So will their results Surpass economy of shrewdest kings.

BOHEMOND.—Thank you, brave friends, and we will lead our troops

On to the plains of Asia. But I haste To meet the Holy Father. Fare ye well!

[Exit BOHEMOND, R.]

SCENE II.

[A group of Crusaders—Nobles—children—slaves—men of all classes—hawks—hounds—musicians, with trumpets, cornets, etc.—banners—knapsacks—everything indicating preparations for a march and pilgrimage—some weeping, some gay—everything full of bustle and spirit—Godfrey, Hugh, Claude, Thomas, Alfred, Egbert, Henry, John, Elmer (boy).]

(*A blast of trumpets is heard.*)

GODFREY.—Good courage, comrades! Let the tears you shed

But make your souls the stronger; nor forget, Protection pledge you for those left behind, And laurels won in service of our Lord Will make sweet memories for declining years. You all are true Crusaders!

All shout.—EVERY ONE!!!

EGBERT.—A strong man grown faint-hearted at such a time,

Should be pinioned as a maniac!

All shout.—Good! good!!

HUGH.—'Tis shame to any who are left behind!

ELMER.—A grief too, sir, as well as 'tis a shame!

HUGH.—Well, we'll make up lost time. We should have been

Ten years ago in Palestine. In truth, Those yellow silken-trousered Turks, I vow, Ought now to all be mummies! The black imps Had ne'er set foot on Holy Land in peace Had I been there! (*All shout.*) Palestine! God wills that she be rescued!

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

GODFREY.—(*To Elmer.*) Ah! little fellow, So young, and a Crusader!

ELMER.—Yes, brave Duke;

No one can be too young to fight for God!

GODFREY.—And feel you no regret to leave your home? [besides,

ELMER.—I'm strong! I'm a good fighter! and, My mother dare not bid me stay at home;— You know what said Pope Urban?

GODFREY.—What, my lad?

He bade you not to go?

ELMER.—No! but God says "Who loveth father, mother, more than Me, He is unworthy of Me!"

GODFREY.—Generous child! God keep your spirit innocent as brave.

Now for the march! My comrades, 'tis the dawn Of Zion's exit from captivity!!

[End of Act II.]

An Address

Delivered on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1870,

BY DENNIS A. CLARKE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Numerous as are the sentiments cherished within the human breast, few, comparatively, elicit our praise or excite our admiration when we consider the exalted position of man in the order of creation and the noble destiny for which his immortal soul was created. I said that few sentiments are praiseworthy, because many survive merely the occasion that inspired them and hence are not of a very elevated nature, whilst the few lead us to contemplate whatever is truly beautiful or sublime, estimable or dignified in human nature. These are confined within ascribed limits and there cultivated by the fostering hand of Religion. Such sentiments are innate, that is, they belong to us by nature; they will not suffer banishment; man in his degraded and barbarous state possesses their embryos, man in his elevated and enlightened condition nourishes them. They are our consolers in affliction, our companions in solitude and our friends in adversity.

Hence, then, in implanting these sentiments in our hearts we cannot but behold the infinite wisdom and goodness of an ever watchful Providence,

for He has made them instrumental in forming the inviolable bonds of friendship, in strengthening the chain that joins us in social intercourse—and, in general, in uniting the whole human family by ties indestructible. How beautifully is this grand idea of the Creator carried into execution to-day. Throughout this once more glorious land, the generous hearts of millions thrill simultaneously with the most exalted sentiments of love, patriotism and gratitude, for the Americans commemorate to-day the birth of the *Father of his Country*,—their noble Washington. Washington, a name familiar to every household, a name that renders illustrious the pages of American annals, a name that caused the Briton to tremble and shook the very foundations of proud and haughty England, and a name that shall continue coupled with that of Columbus until ages cease to roll, as the two mighty geniuses whose combined achievements constitute the groundwork of our great Republic.

But paramount in the minds and hearts of the patriotic Americans stands to-day the immortal Washington, for they are carried back in spirit to the memorable epoch of the Revolution. In the numerous hard-fought battles of that gloomy period, when the destinies of America were at stake, they witness his manly form, they gaze upon his countenance every lineament of which bespeaks a warm and generous soul within, and they behold his powerful arm dealing with the sword of liberty death-blows to tyranny's defenders. He is victorious only by his direction of an army undisciplined yet inflamed with an ardent love of country. What an imposing spectacle, then, must the War of Independence present to any serious-thinking mind. The holiness of the cause: that is, a liberty-loving people striving by every available means to release themselves from the oppressive yoke imposed by a foreign power, and the fortitude, the undaunted courage, the calculating bravery, the glowing ardor—and more than all, the exalted patriotism—all there displayed to their fullest extent, must necessarily produce emotions of gratitude in the hearts of the most indifferent Americans.

But generations have passed away since America's starry banner was first acknowledged by all civilized nations; and with those generations has vanished the spirit that actuated our forefathers in vindicating their country's rights and avenging her wrongs.

We, to whom the sacred trust of preserving our country has been bequeathed, would suffer the blush of shame were those liberal and honorable heroes,—if I may so call them—who framed that great and glorious instrument, our Constitution, to confront us. We have proved ourselves unworthy the distinguished honor conferred upon us, by neglecting the performance of our duty.

When our Republic was nourished in its infancy the golden links of fraternity united its people; all enjoyed the sweet blessings of peace; prosperity characterized all institutions destined for the public welfare and happy America reposed under the benign and wise government of men uncorrupted by ambitious views—statesmen worthy in every respect of the lofty and responsible position assigned them by the unanimous voice of the people. But how changed now the scenes of legislation! The reins of government have been held by hands long since accustomed to the rules and regulations of *that* table at which many a fortune has been quandered and humanity lowered beneath the level of the brute creation; laws have been enacted and promulgated by men whose very breath contaminated the pure air of Liberty's halls.

How long, my country, shall this continue?

Oh! America why art thou silent? Awake from

thy revery to-day! Remember the sufferings and numberless hardships endured, and the blood of willing sons shed for thy name's sake! Arise! go visit the lonely shades of Mt. Vernon, and in the solitude of that place where the weeping willows half conceal the speaking marble, commune with the spirit of the mighty dead! Then, fortified by the spirit which produced the heroes of the Revolution, traverse the land, break in twain the swords that are being secretly whetted for the slaughter of thy faithful sons, destroy the torches that are preparing for the annihilation of thy free and honored institutions; then from the summit of the accumulated ruins unfurl that glorious banner, the emblem of a free and united people.

Not until this shall have been accomplished shall we hope to enjoy the undisturbed repose of former generations.

Our land has already been devastated by civil war in its most hideous shape and with all its attendant calamities. The links of fraternity broke, and fell clashing with the manacles of slavery. Brother opposed brother, father fought against son, and former friends eagerly sought each other's lives. Our government tottered on the very brink of ruin; but when finally rescued from its perilous condition, its control was given to unworthy and inexperienced hands. The reason of this, however, is evident. We have devoted ourselves almost exclusively to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and given too little attention to the affairs of state. It is very true, that we as a nation have made rapid strides in the domain of science, but we have made them to the detriment of our country.

We have been brought into friendly intimacy with the mother country by means borrowed from the clouds of heaven. The shrill whistle of the locomotive startles the Indian hunter in his western solitude; the hum of industry is heard in all parts, and the grandeur and refinement of large cities replace the unpretending appearance and rudeness of Indian villages. Yes, only a century ago what is now the United States was then only a few colonies, grouped together and dependent upon a power beyond Atlantic's stormy expanse. But to-day the praises of the hero who rendered those colonies independent, pronounced upon the pine-covered summits of the Alleghanies, are heard vibrating across the mighty continent until they reverberate from the jagged peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Deep-mouthed cannon thunder forth from the numerous military posts throughout the land, and when their salute to the day has reached the ocean's bounds it is taken up by the *men-of-war*, and the report of their guns vibrate over the deep. The strains of martial music are wafted to the ear from all quarters, and eulogies upon the illustrious Washington are everywhere pronounced.

Yes, though the great American patriot reposes in death's cold embrace, still his memory lives in the hearts of his faithful countrymen, and shall continue therein as long as the star-spangled banner floats from the pinnacle of Liberty's temple. Let all succeeding generations follow the example of the preceding ones in singing the praises of that common benefactor of humanity, and well may they exclaim in the poetic strain of Collins:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands, their knell is rung,
By forms unseen, their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

[Extracts from the Albany Law Journal.]

An Address to Law Students.

In every age of civilized man, the lawyer has been an important instrument in the work of elevating and refining the race.

Unknown or unregarded, where mere force holds dominion—*silent leges inter arma*—he rises to consequence and dignity, in proportion as mankind advance in establishing the supremacy of mind over matter.

Engaged in the divine attribute of administering justice among men, he cannot fail to make his impress, for good or evil, upon the age in which he lives.

Intrusted with a guardian care over the dearest interests of his fellow-men, he cannot fail to become either a curse or a blessing.

Having necessarily great confidence reposed in him, he cannot fail to become eminently capable of working mischief or benefit to his age.

Silent and unobtrusive as are his pursuits, compared with those of the artist, the warrior, or the statesman, he lives not in history by the blaze of his personal renown, but rather in the advancement of his age, which he has ever been so capable of influencing and directing.

How important, then, is it, that he should understand his position and his power, that he may learn how, carefully to maintain the one and wisely to wield the other! How great the responsibility which devolves upon him! And how necessary that he should be fitly prepared for the great work in which he is to be engaged!

What is there, in our day, of life, liberty, reputation or property that is not, in turn, confided to the lawyer's care? What is there of arts or sciences that may not, in due season, come within the range of his action? What is there of domestic relations or of governmental power or duty that does not demand his attention? To borrow language, not yet so trite as to cease to be as beautiful as it is expressive—"The seat of the Law is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."

And they who are her ministers, treading her sacred fane and officiating at her altars, may well be reminded "that angels and men, creatures of every condition, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admire her as the mother of their peace and joy."

The field of duty is wide-spread before us, and nowhere so broadly as in this country, where freedom of thought and action is enjoyed to an extent never before known among men; where the sphere of the lawyer's usefulness has no limit, and where in the work of elevating mankind, the lawyer has a great office to perform,—for here his, more than any other calling, is identified with the science and practice of government.

Of fifteen occupants of the Presidential chair, thirteen have been lawyers.

The mind that first brought order out of the financial chaos of a new and an untried government, was that of one who was even as distinguished as a lawyer as he was as a statesman.

It was a lawyer who first infused into our political system the principle of diffusion instead of concentration of power, which has now, for three-quarters of a century, been the controlling impulse of our government.

The convention, whose office it was to frame the Constitution, which has been so eminently the instrument of our country's greatness, was composed chiefly of lawyers.

The conventions, who framed the three constitutions of our State were mostly lawyers.

Our national cabinet, from the very foundation of our government, has been mostly lawyers.

And in every legislative body in the nation, for now nearly a century, the profession of the law has been more influentially represented than any other calling.

It may, then, well be said, that in the mighty work of completing our independence, as well as in the general advancement of our people, the lawyer in America has a high and holy office to perform.

The lawyer has ever been a cautious, if not a persistent, reformer. And the time having gone by when reforms were forced upon men at the drawn dagger's point or at the cannon's mouth—the days of Tamerlane, of Mahomet, and of Napoleon, having floated down the stream of time, it is to be hoped, never to return—the hour of the lawyer's usefulness as a reformer has arrived. And devoutly is it to be hoped that this characteristic of cautiousness will not be abandoned; for solemn, indeed, is the duty which the emergency imposes upon him, and enduring may be the consequences for good or for ill.

The lawyer is, from necessity, a lover of freedom—rational freedom, as distinguished from unbridled license on the one hand, as it is from mental thralldom on the other; and that is so, because without freedom of thought and speech he cannot attain that perfection and eminence in his profession which is the aim of every generous mind.

And it is worthy of remark, that his advocacy of freedom has been none the less ardent because of the absence of the stimulant of a hope of glory, which so often rewards, if it does not prompt, others.

Thus, in the English Revolution, which ended in the expulsion of the Stuarts, in the constitution of a limited monarchy and the establishment of liberty on a broad basis, the first impetus was given by the lawyers in the House of Commons. Without any hope of that fame which surrounds the name of the successful warrior, they struggled for freedom, they warred upon prerogative, and they triumphed. But their names are almost forgotten, while Cromwell and Fairfax and Monk live in history and memory yet as the great defenders of constitutional liberty!

So in our own Revolution. While the names of Washington and Green and Gates, and a host of successful soldiers, live as familiar words in the memory even of our children; while even Arnold is embalmed in history's curse, and the spy Andre is remembered as a gallant soldier, how imperfect is our recollection of the lawyers, who, in the Continental Congress, pledged life, and fortune, and honor in the cause of freedom; who remained firm amid the darkest hours of the struggle; who successfully completed what the soldiers began, and who thus toiled and thus triumphed, silently and obscurely, with every prospect of the traitor's halter, but with no hope of the chieftain's glory!

It has of late become a common idea that it is easy to become a lawyer—in fact as well as in name—and that very little previous preparation is necessary to form a successful practitioner. Nothing can be wider from the truth, and it will grow wider, day by day, as the mass of the people increase in education and in wealth: for with such increase will grow a more anxious inquiry into the qualifications of those who are to be intrusted with important interests, and a greater capacity to judge of them.

Who are they who, even now, have confided to them the great constitutional and commercial questions which agitate our courts? Not the mere pretender, who has found it an easy matter to obtain a license, who has, according to the forms of the law, broken through the outer wall into the ranks of the profession, but who has not yet

studied long enough to learn how little he knows. Not to him is confided the defense of life, liberty, and property. He may float successfully on the surface, and, perhaps, pursue a gainful course of practice, but to him is denied all participation in the graver questions which are mooted in our midst, because to him the principles which are to determine such questions are a sealed book, and the world around him knows it.

It is a sad mistake for such persons to suppose that the preparatory course of studies which once was extended to seven years, was all that was demanded of the successful lawyer. That preparatory course but acquainted him with the names and uses of the tools of his trade. To attain eminence, his studies only began at the end of such probation. And there is this peculiarity in the profession. The merchant and the mechanic, as he advances in prosperity and wealth, may repose from personal toil, and, content merely to direct, may devolve on others the active duty of execution. So in other professions and the arts, the successful man may delegate to others the execution of his plans. But not so with the lawyer. With him there is no delegation of duty, for it is his personal knowledge that is invoked—it is his own peculiar judgment that is sought—it is the exercise of his own talents that is demanded. Hence it is that there is no more laborious man living than the successful lawyer in a large business. And, believe me, young gentlemen, when any of you shall attain that position, you will be, above all things, thankful that the first ten years of your professional life were devoted to unintermitted study.

Let us see for a moment what are the elements which enter into the formation of an eminent lawyer, and ascertain whether my standard is too high.

You will remember the remarks I have already quoted from Bolingbroke, that the lawyer, to be eminent, must occupy the very vantage ground of science. And he must so, for the whole range of science and the arts may come within the sphere of his action. And he has not always time to "cram for the occasion," as it is called at Cambridge. To-day he may be occupied with the construction of a ship, to-morrow with the anatomy of the human form; now with the mechanism of a steam-engine, and anon with the magnetic telegraph; at this moment with the laws of gravitation, and at the next with those of pneumatics or hydraulics, and so on with the whole circle of knowledge. I once found myself materially aided by a knowledge of algebra, a branch of study which, in my college days, I deemed never could be of use to the lawyer. And I have over and over again been benefited by an acquaintance with arithmetic and book-keeping, though when I graduated I was scarcely capable of calculating the interest upon a bill of exchange.

I do not, of course, mean that the lawyer should be as familiar with these different topics as the professors of them are, but I do mean that it is important for him to be familiar with the principles of them—that he should have that familiarity with them, at least, that is to be acquired at our higher seminaries of learning. And he who enters the profession without that familiarity will stumble wearily along the path which the better informed can so boldly tread.

So, too, classical knowledge is greatly advantageous, if not indispensable, to the lawyer. And this embraces an acquaintance with other languages, both ancient and modern, as well as his own.

Greek is valuable because so many of our words have a Greek origin, that it is only by an acquaintance with their root that we can learn the precise and accurate meaning of the language we use, and

avoid a loose mode of speaking where precision is indispensable.

The Latin, however, is much more necessary, because so many phrases and axioms of the law are yet clothed in it, and because the treasures of the civil law, which we are daily more and more incorporating into our system, have that garb.

French and German, of modern languages, are necessary, because they have become so common among our people.

But beyond this acquaintance with language, a knowledge of classical learning, both modern and ancient, will be advantageous, because of the stores of wit and wisdom which may thus be opened, and be so often made available to us, and because of the elevation and refinement of intellect which must follow a familiarity with it. The idea is well expressed by Walter Scott, when he makes Counselor Pleyell, one of his very best drawn characters, say, when pointing to his library of well-selected classics: "There are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic—a mere working mason: if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect."

A pedantic use of such learning is, however, carefully to be avoided; for thus is shown rather a want of learning than the possession of it. The true use of classic lore is the incorporation of the beauties of its thought and diction into, and forming part of, ourselves, for thus are our mental efforts elevated and refined. But the too free use of quotations shows less of this incorporation than it does of the cultivation of mere memory. Let me not be understood as utterly condemning the use of quotations. I am aware, that in English forensic and parliamentary oratory, it is now considered quite *outré* to indulge in this respect; but what could have been finer or more expressive than Webster's quotation in the celebrated debate with Haynes, of South Carolina, in the United States Senate? He was speaking of the recession of power from the Southern oligarchy, where it had so long reposed, and with a prophetic grasp of mind, he said:

"Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding."

Once in a while this will do, for at times it may be as effective as it is pleasing, but the habit indulged too freely will make the style turgid rather than interesting.

We have an example of this in some of the works to which we have daily reference. Thus in Story's Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, the reader is wearied with the eternal quotations from the Latin of the civil lawyers. One admires the writer's familiarity with the classic language of Rome, and so far his object has been attained, but the modern student cannot help wishing he had "done it into English for the benefit of country gentlemen." How unlike that is the plain simplicity and forcible Saxon of Kent's Commentaries, or Greenleaf's Treatise on Evidence. In spite of himself, in the one case, the student is reminded rather of the pedantry of Cambridge than of the polished refinement of Addison or of Blackstone.

It is, therefore, the incorporation of classic learning into our own habits of thought that we are to aim at, and it is thus that we may aim at attaining the commanding power of a Burke, an Erskine, or a Brougham.

And thus is laid the foundation of that eloquence, which is so essential to the success of the modern lawyer, that without it even the profoundest learning cannot achieve the summit of eminence.

And here I may stop a moment to consider one

peculiarity of our profession which is worthy our attention. Although we are brought into daily collision with each other in the advocacy of our client's rights on opposite sides, and though there is often professional rivalry prevailing among us, we do not, except rarely, experience those personal animosities with which other callings are afflicted. Among physicians, divines, soldiers, artists, and mechanics, professional rivalry is apt to lead to personal animosities, but not so in the profession of the law. Those who come most frequently in conflict are generally the most friendly to each other, and it is among the most eminent of the profession that the most liberal and kindly feelings obtain.

This is owing partly to the fact, that thus each becomes better acquainted with the other's good qualities, and becomes fully aware of the forbearance he must display as well as demand, but it is mainly owing to the necessity of the case. No lawyer could endure his life if he made all his clients' quarrels his own, or bore with him from the court-room the wrangling which his position demands from him within it, and it may be owing to the fact that a close connection with abstract principles is ever at variance with mere personal considerations.

Be the cause, however, what it may, the fact is no less certain, that there is more good and kindly feelings toward each other prevailing among lawyers than in any other calling.

Esto perpetua! Long may it be so, for our calling would be a curse alike to its professors and to others, if that enlarged and liberal feeling should ever be banished from among us.

I have spoken of the wit which the lawyer may gain from an acquaintance with the classics. I confess that I attach much importance to the cultivation of the faculty, for I have beheld many instances in which it has been a powerful weapon in his hands.

I do not refer to that play on words that is calculated to make the unskillful laugh, and sometimes the judicious grieve, but that more forcible and elevated kind which, by the union or opposition of two ideas, lends force to the expression, and at the same time gives pleasure to the hearers.

Erskine's description of insanity is an instance of it: "Not that Reason is hurled from her seat, but Distraction sits down beside her, holds her trembling in her place, and frightens her from her propriety." I once heard one of our profession defending a judge whose opinion he had cited, and of whom it had been said, that, deservedly great as was the reputation of that judge, he was not always equal to his fame, but would sometimes nod. The reply was, that it was not always easy to know the cause of the obscurity we complained of, whether it was owing to a spot on the sun or a cloud around the beholder.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Answers to Correspondents.

(This Department is edited by Mr. Larry Doolan.)

P. S.—[Which here means *proscript*, and not, as some people might think, *postscript*].—We are prepared to answer all kinds, quantities and numbers of questions, at the shortest notice, in this department. Our responsive facilities are immense, while long experience in the business warrants us in saying that the SCHOLASTIC is now, and ever shall be, the only reliable organ to which a generous public can look for the latest fashionable answers to all styles of interrogatories! We keep a large assortment of replies constantly on pen, and are therefore ready to furnish customers with answers on all topics from the tip of an ele-

phant's trunk to the end of a fly's tail! We are at home on every imaginable, conceivable, tangible, or intangible subject. We *can't* be stuck! How to make females talk, women scold, feminine tongues ring, and children scream—these and kindred difficulties we boldly maintain to be the grand scientific problems of the age, and we propose to solve them!!

A correspondent writes from Albany, N. Y., in this style:

"Dear sir: My husband is a nuisance. I throw hot water into his face three times a day, and yet I can't keep him quiet. What can I do with him?"

Answer. All nuisances are felonies at common law, and therefore you can have him abolished according to the fifteenth amendment. In order to keep him quiet, turn the tables on him by compelling him to throw the hot water six times a day into your own face. That's what you can do with him.

Another party writes:

"Mr. Editor: I am an inveterate smoker. Can you suggest an antidote?"

Answer. Are you? Certainly we *can* suggest an antidote. Why not?

NOTRE DAME, March 10, 1870.

To the fellow that answers correspondents:

I am in the daily habit of breaking all the rules in the house. What would you advise me to do?

Yours, &c., A STUDENT.

Answer. Consult a phrenologist on the development of your bump of destructiveness, and for other particulars apply to the Prefect of Discipline.

BERTRAND, March 13, 1870.

Please inform me what is the origin of the term "horn."

Yours, &c., J. S.

Answer. So far as we remember, it originated in the head of a corniferous animal. If you can afford to pay five cents for turning yourself into a fool, call and see the antiquated bar-tender in your town.

SOUTH BEND, &c.

Dearest Sir: I saw you in South Bend the other day!

Answer. Did you?

NOTRE DAME, March 15, &c.

MR. DOOLAN,—I have lost my appetite.

Yours truly, A JUNIOR.

Answer. You have lost a big thing.

MR. DOOLAN,—Is there anything in this world so admirable and so beneficent as the English Constitution? Don't you think the Irish are habitually barbarous to be discontented with its glorious and humane provisions?

Answer. There is nothing in all the world like that wonderful Constitution. Its abhorrence for crime and its extreme tenderness for human life, induced it to punish no fewer than one hundred and sixty offenses by death! Thus, for example, *peine forte et dure*, or the English judgment of penance for standing mute, when arraigned (See IV, Blackstone's Com.) was that the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came, put into a low, dark chamber; and there be laid on his back, naked on the bare floor, * * * ; and that there be placed, upon his body, as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more (sic!); that he have no sustenance, save only, on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison-door; and, in this situation, this should be alternately his daily diet *till he died!* "because the (English) laws cannot endure that any man should die upon the evidence of a false, or even a single witness, and therefore contrived this method that innocence should manifest itself by a stout denial, or guilt by a plain confession."

It was in admiration of the lenity and beneficence of the English Constitution and laws that the Marquis Beccaria composed the following beautiful mathematical problem: "The force of the muscles and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person being given, it is required to

find the degree of pain necessary to make him confess himself guilty of a given crime."

As a further illustration of the magnanimity of English laws, we can say that in 1847 the Catholic population, alone, of Ireland was eight millions and one hundred thousand, and to-day, counting in the English and Scotch freebooters and robbers who have "settled" there, the entire population hardly equals five and a half millions! "Bless you, my child!" as the dowager O'Grady would say, the Irish ought to be exterminated because of their ungrateful remembrance of the happy and prosperous days which their ancestors enjoyed under Harry VIII, Queen Betsy, William the Orangeman, Cromwell, and the other royal worthies who have blessed that island with the English Constitution since the day when that illustrious assassin Henry II made his apostolic *debut* in the country. This benign Constitution has hanged, famished and banished them by millions, and has turned their country into a poor-house and a graveyard; and yet, perverse and thankless set that these Irish are, they not only despise the humane government that lavishly showers these blessings down upon their ungrateful heads, but they have been actually known to take a wicked pleasure in chasing the "Queen's Own." *Nefas!*

MISHAWAKA, March 12, 1870.

MR. DOOLAN,—Me and Jim has made a bet if one goose lays two eggs in three days how many geese will it take to lay three eggs in two days? Which of us are right? Me or him?

Answer. Eggs-actly.

HOUSTON, March 2, A. D. 1000,800 and seventy.

MR. EDITOR,—Under the heading of "capital punishment," I find the following slanderous article in the *Reading Gazette* and *Democrat*:

A sharp-tongued Texas woman aggravated her lord to such a degree that he deserted his home in Houston and fled to Galveston, where he wrote the following interesting letter:

GALVESTON, January the 7th, 1780.

My Loving Wyfe: Ime comin ome nex week an hav forgiv you for jawin me. I'll come on the 7 o'clock train an shall stay ome hereafter & tri to be a altered man. I want peace and so do yew, why shooldn't we love each uthar, as we used ter when we were first jined together in the wholly bands of madlock, i've jined a temperance society but if you ever jaw me agin for cummin ome I'll wollop you like 6ty fur we must have peese as grant ses.

Now, Mr. Editor that's me I know it is and i won't stand this slander no how when my Husbandt came hoam him and Me had a regular site all over three chairs and a broomstick which i broke over his hede for publishin that letur in the Above paper which Is all rong for we aint agoin to have no peese in this house so long as i'm boss and what Do you think of me

Answer. Your afflictions have our sympathy, and your pluck has our admiration, and long may you wave in the enjoyment of the first and in the exercise of the latter, provided always that your gyrations be confined to the regions of the Lone Star!

PLYMOUTH ROCK, March 8, 1870.

EDS. SCHOLASTIC,—Don't you think that the secrecy which is observed in the proceedings at the Ecumenical Council is an insult to a free press, and to an intelligent public sentiment?

Answer. Our correspondent is somewhat mistaken as to the question of secrecy. In the first place the Atlantic Cable keeps the public in hourly receipt of every *imaginable* thing that transpires in the Council. In the next place there is hardly a paper in the country which has not from one to three special correspondents, at fabulous salaries, inventing Roman telegrams in the editorial sanctum. Under this condition of things, therefore, it seems to us utterly useless for the Fathers of the Council to attempt anything like concealment of their proceedings, and hence we earnestly trust, and even pray, that our Plymouth-Rock friend will keep cool.

THE male students of the Indiana Medical College have given one of the lady students a gold-headed cane!—*College Courant.*

What will she do with it?

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

An Adventure

OF THE FAMOUS TRIUMVIRATE, "OMEGA," "STONEWALL," AND "COB-WEBB;" CONSTITUTING A SERIES OF LECTURES FOR THE TWO-PENNY CLUB.

BY COB-WEBB.

This Lecture treateth of things in general, and the above-mentioned Triumvirate in particular; and furthermore sheweth, explaineth and exhibiteth a remarkable adventure of said Triumvirate, as well as many other instructive and interesting facts pertaining thereto, all of which will be understood by the intelligent reader.

My name's Cob-webb, a very queer name probably to some, but nevertheless quite significant to the "initiated." I am an unostentatious youth, and possessed of a very inquiring mind as well as a remarkably retiring and obedient disposition, all of which will be vividly exhibited in this article. In consequence of my obedient and retiring disposition, I am seldom seen "sailing around private rooms," taking "private walks," or "running loose generally"—all of which practices having been condemned most emphatically by the "tyrannical rules" of this institution. Nevertheless, as we are all frail and mortal beings, your humble servant of the retiring and obedient disposition sometimes gets himself into what malicious and evil-disposed persons would call a "scrape," and that, too, on account of following too closely the dictates of the aforesaid disposition, which assertion will find its proof in what I'm going to state to you this evening.

It is an axiom that all men are desirous of fame; nevertheless, your humble servant, possessing such a remarkably retiring and obedient disposition, forms a partial exception to this rule, in as much as he holds in utter contempt all adventures, of what kind so ever, calculated to bring his name before the public—the possession of which quality makes him feel more acutely the ludicrous position in which he lately found himself.

The time of the occurrence of which I am about to inform you was the 6th of January—that is, if the first day of the new year comes on the last day of the old; if not, I am totally unable to tell you when it was. But suffice it to say, your humble servant, Cob-webb, accompanied by Omega, and another whom we shall call Stonewall, found himself on the evening of the above-mentioned day comfortably seated in a very commodious and well furnished room, having entered the aforesaid room by simply opening the door, going in and locking the door again, without having once entertained the thought of seeking the proprietor or paying the slightest attention to the bill over the door positively forbidding admittance. This was unjustifiable—and the cause, as you shall see, of much inconvenience. But it arose entirely from your humble servant's retiring disposition; because, finding the door of said room open, he thought it a secure retreat from the outside world, and consequently entered; and, following the example of old mother Eve, induced his companions to do likewise. We formed a curious triumvirate, we the *de facto* occupants of the above-mentioned room! Omega, a youth of very religious principles, and possessed of remarkable rhetorical powers, took upon himself at once the difficult task of instructing Stonewall and your humble servant, arguing extensively on Scripture, and expressing his utter contempt for the chronology of Moses, and devoted attachment to the Darwinian theory. Stonewall listened, with an air of stupidity visible on his unintellectual countenance, to his philosophical oration; he, being a scientific gentleman, was busily engaged with the proprietor's "mere-sham" pipe, sending delicate spiral columns of smoke around the room

in delightful confusion, and speculating on, or calculating rather, the curves which they formed. Your humble servant, not interested in philosophy or the laws which govern the motion of smoke, after industriously scattering around the room the contents of a neat esecretoir, finally succeeded in finding paper suited to his purpose, and immediately proceeded to transcribe thereon as if his future existence depended entirely on the rapidity of his scribbling.

Omega having finished his philosophical oration, and Stonewall his scientific experiments, both betook themselves to rummaging in the aforesaid esecretoir from which Cob-webb extracted his paper, probably in the hope of "treating" some one's private correspondence, with which they might amuse themselves. Finally your humble servant rested from his labors; Omega and Stonewall not succeeding in their search, seated themselves quietly but resolutely at the table, and immediately came under discussion as to what we should do if the proprietor should come. Stonewall expressed himself decidedly opposed to leaving, and declared his intention to stay at all hazards and enjoy some more scientific experiments with the "mere sham," in proof of which sensible conclusion he seized anew the aforesaid, and, after properly preparing it, crossed and elevated his pedal extremities to the height prescribed by the most fashionable lawyers, and was soon lost again in his scientific researches. Omega intimated his intention, in case of such an event, to vanish under the bed, and, suiting the action to the word, left his chair, crossed to the other side of the table, and sat on the bed. Your humble servant alone declared himself in favor of running, which you perceive is in strict accordance with his retiring disposition. However, we were left little time to mature our plans, as at this instant a heavy step in the hall announced the approach of the *de jure* occupant of the said room. Now, your humble servant in addition to his retiring and obedient disposition, possesses a very vivid imagination, and in said vivid imagination he already saw enter the ill-fated door the wrathful proprietor, who, seizing the unfortunate Cob-webb by the top of his head, would forcibly eject him through the window, saying at the same time, with a malicious grin, "*Call again, young gentleman!*" Now this, though in accordance with your humble servant's retiring disposition, was, for manifest reasons, not peculiarly desirable at that time. But a knock at the door awoke your humble servant from his reverie, and decided the question. Omega threw back the coverlet of the bed so as to have everything ready; and Stonewall, aroused from his scientific experiments, secreted the "mere-sham" in a very skillful manner, which he had acquired through long-continued "smoking on the sly," and proceeded with a very composed exterior to open the door. Now, it must be borne in mind that the said Stonewall was at this precise time engaged in a desperate, and I may say hopeless, attempt to cultivate a mustache, which circumstance probably added much to his self-possession. When, on opening the door, a manly "planet" and two "satellites" of the juvenile persuasion made their appearance, and it so happened that the said manly "planet" was the veritable *de jure* proprietor of this apartment; to wit, namely, the room which we were holding. The ill-concealed mirth of the two unknown, and the sly smile playing around the mouth of the manly "planet," revealed all to your humble servant, who, with the unnecessary and amusing expression, "*Gosh! darn it, there they are,*" stared blankly at the intruders, who appeared hugely enjoying his discomfiture. Omega let fall the coverlet, and with a hopeless glance under the bed, prepared to meet his fate. Stone-

wall raised himself on his dignity, and, putting on all the style imaginable, proceeded to conduct the new-comers into the room, attempting to maintain a dignity corresponding to his embryo moustache. Your humble servant seeing the unexpected guests at the door, hoped, with the same instinct which makes a drowning man catch at a straw, that they would not enter; but when he saw them conducted so nicely by Stonewall his hopes vanished, and he could stand it no longer. So gathering up his manuscript in a promiscuous heap, he crammed it into his capacious pocket, snatched up his hat and left the room in a manner not prescribed in the "*Excelsior*," and which Chesterfield would certainly never call polite.

How Stonewall and Omega succeeded in escaping I never learned, but have since discovered that Stonewall's pride received a severe blow, when, on one of the juveniles remarking that he with the beard was the only one who had any sense, the other remarked: "*I couldn't see the beard!*"

This ends here. In the succeeding numbers I will lecture, "win' an' weather permittin'," severally on "The Beauties of staying home during a College Examination;" "The effects of writing Letters on short acquaintance, or no acquaintance," and also I will give you a scientific lecture on the laws of gravitation, in which will be explained accurately the phenomenon witnessed some time ago of a young man being drawn violently down stairs, and many interesting particulars connected therewith.

Morale.—If you are forbidden to smoke, never use the weed when you are in danger of being discovered; or, better still: be a law-abiding citizen.

Boating.

The navy of Notre Dame will be entirely renewed for the boating season, soon at hand. Two clubs are being formed among the Seniors and two splendid boats have been ordered at Bagley's yard in Chicago. Owing to the particular conformation of our lakes, the sailing crafts are discarded this year, and row-boats are in favor. The two boats expected in April will be equal in length and width, 25x4, and will be propelled with 12-foot oars. Racing of course may be anticipated, but we would judge it a rash and puerile sport if not preceded by a careful training. Mr. John McLaughlin of Chicago, perhaps the best oarsman of the country, will give the students the benefit of his experience in naval matters.

The old yawl is now entirely dismantled and broken up for fuel. The row-boat is lying on the shore of the St. Joe, in the safe (if not legal) keeping of the Scientific Expedition for the preservation of antiquities.

Telegraphic Nuisance.

How is it that telegraphic dispatches are so carelessly sent from the operator's office to the parties concerned? This has become a serious nuisance. No later than Monday a lady of Chicago telegraphed to have her sons come at once, to be present at the funeral of their father. The first telegram remaining unanswered, she telegraphed a second time, and it was only 20 hours after the first telegram that the dispatch was remitted to one of the officers of the college who happened to be in South Bend.

Visitors to Notre Dame have frequently arrived before the dispatch announcing their coming.

PROF. P. BRODER, of Beloit, passed a few days with us this week. We were pleased to see the Professor in the enjoyment of excellent health.

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Return of Very Rev. E. Sorin, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., we were all agreeably surprised by the sudden appearance amongst us of Father General. Although the authorities knew that he had arrived, early in the week, in America, not knowing the exact day of his coming to Notre Dame, all the arrangements for his reception were not entirely perfected.

At eleven o'clock the ringing of all the bells in the chime announced the event which was expected, and no sooner had they commenced than recreation and a general holiday were proclaimed.

After dinner (which was in keeping with the celebration of the day), Father General was invited by the authorities to meet the Faculty in the large parlor of the College, where Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M., in the name of that body, delivered the welcoming address, to which Father General responded in terms both sincere and very interesting. To the music of the Cornet Band, which announced his entrance to the parlor and his retiring, he paid a just compliment, and gave descriptions of some of the music he heard in Rome and other European cities.

In the evening a very pleasing entertainment was given in Washington Hall, of which the following was the programme.

CELEBRATION OF THE RETURN OF VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL FROM EUROPE, BY THE Thespian Dramatic Association.

Saturday Evening, March 12, 1870.

PART FIRST:

Grand Opening March,	N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture, "Zampa," (Herold),	Orchestra
Duet (F. Williams),	G. and A. Riopelle
Address from Senior Department,	H. P. Morancy
Solo (Kucken),	R. Staley
Address from Junior Department,	T. Mahony
Solo (Franz Abt),	A. Riopelle
Address from Minim Department,	Eddie De Groot
Duet (Gumbert),	E. Staley and J. Rumely
Music,	N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture, "Tancredi," (Rossini),	Orchestra

PART SECOND:

THE AVENGED ORPHAN. A Melo-Drama in Two Acts. —BY THE— Thespian Dramatic Association.

The Baron,	E. B. Gambee
Captain Z. V. er,	L. B. Logan
Claudio, son of Baron,	L. Wilson
Colonel Rigolio,	J. R. Boyd
Francis, Baron's son,	H. P. Morancy
Public, chief servant,	W. H. Murphy
Estevan, an escaped criminal,	F. Kaiser
Myrtillo, a dumb orphan,	J. Sutherland
Stephen, a peasant,	J. Duffy
Robert, a peasant	W. Roberts
Villagers, Servants, Officers of Justice, etc.,	
Waltz, (Strauss),	Orchestra

PART THIRD: AN IRISHMAN'S BLUNDERS.

—BY THE—
Thespian Dramatic Association.

Handy Andy,
Squire Egan,
Squire O'Grady,
Mr. Murphy,
Dick Dawson,
Mr. Furlong,
Ed. O'Conner,
Mad Nick,
Simon,
Farrell, a robber,
Grand march for retiring,

T. A. Dillon
L. B. Logan
H. P. Morancy
J. A. Fox
J. R. Boyd
L. Wilson
E. B. Gambee
J. Mulhall
W. Roberts
W. H. Murphy
N. D. U. Cornet Band

The selections interpreted by the orchestra were by good composers, and were listened to with more than the usual attention. Everyone noticed the very valuable addition to the strings in the person of Rev. Mr. Mühlberger, an effective and accomplished violinist, whose presence gives opportunity for Prof. VonWeller to lead with more efficiency. In "Zampa" and "Tancredi" we had much more unity and energy than usual.

The Cornet Band gave us many marches, quick-steps, &c. The Band is remarkable for the number of its members and the quality of the music, in which crashes of blatant discords do not offend the ears of the audience.

The duet (vocal), by George and Arthur Riopelle, was calculated to please. The solo by Arthur Riopelle, though well rendered, suffered from a want of firm articulation consequent on the heavy timbre of his voice which is a light baritone.

The solo by Robert Staley was very tastefully sung. If his selection were taken less to elevate than to please the taste of the younger portion of his audience he should have neglected Kücken.

The duet by J. Rumely and R. Staley was a little the worse for timidity.

The address from the Senior Department, by H. P. Morancy, and the Junior's address, by T. Mahony, were handled as well as addresses usually are. The Minims made a good appearance on the stage, and as their say was all in their own talk, the audience was much pleased.

After part first came the tragedy, the piece of the evening. In it Mr. J. R. Boyd rendered "Colonel Rigolio." He had a good conception of the situations in which Rigolio was placed, and interpreted them with variable voice and was quite successful. Mr. L. B. Logan as "Captain Xavier" exhausted all his nautical vocabulary like a practitioner. He always enters with energy into any role he assumes. Laurence Wilson ("Claudio") having a great deal of voice used it to good advantage. "Myrtillo," the dumb orphan, represented by James Sutherland, was an interesting character in grace of action and general appropriate appearance. H. P. Morancy showed a very distinct enunciation, and has a reserve of voice only to be seen in a better character than the one he represented. E. B. Gambee, as the "Baron," W. H. Murphy, as "Pablo," F. Kaiser, as "Estevan," John Duffy, as "Stephen," and W. Roberts, as "Robert," performed their respective roles creditably for amateurs.

After the Melo-drama came the comedy with Thomas A. Dillon as Handy Andy. In comedy Dillon is successful. His natural peculiarity of voice, aided by a good sense of humor, renders very efficient the characters he assumes. John Mulhall, in "Mad Nick," showed much vocal ability, having a voice susceptible of a great variety. The other characters in this play were taken by the same persons who took part in the first play, with an equal amount of success.

In both the pieces presented, the only oversights we noticed were a want of distinctness in articulation, which always supplies the lack, when

it exists, of voice and appropriate action, and when a good point is made with the audience sufficient time is never given for silence to be restored. The latter results generally from a want of the invention of action to fill up the gap necessarily made in the performance.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Very Rev. Father General in appropriate terms thanked all engaged in the demonstration in his favor, and expressed a desire to meet all the inmates of Notre Dame on some future occasion when time would permit him to interest them by a relation of all he had seen and heard during his last visit to Europe. Amidst the applause of the audience and the music of the Band, Father General retired, happy in his return home and in the success of the evening's entertainment. M. T. C.

Arrival of Students.

Leon McLaughlin,	Spring, Penn.
Morte Roe,	Newark, Ohio.
D. B. Hibbard,	Jackson, Mich.
James D. Christy,	St. Louis, Mo.
Albert G. Brown,	Buffalo, N. Y.
James McCoy,	Waterbury, Vermont.

NOTRE DAME may boast of having among its musicians one of the best violin graduates of the Conservatory of Munich.

ARTISTS have been busy for three weeks in decorating the entrance hall of the college—among these Mr. Drewry, well known among Western landscape painters. The scrolls upon which the names of the donors to the new church will be written are fast filling. We will publish the names of the donors in our next issue.

REV. FATHER D'ARCY has returned to Notre Dame, where he intends to stay permanently.

THE BIG BELL and its tower have been moved away from their old place, and stand now southwest of the church. The moving of the monster bell was done without accident, in the space of two days. Bro. Lawrence claims the credit of this successful engineering. Now for the trees!

THE horses attached to the sleigh running between Notre Dame, St. Mary's and South Bend, were frightened and ran away last Monday. The passengers were mercilessly turned into the cold snow embankments, and the driver was badly injured.

J. B. Gough delivered his favorite lecture, "Circumstances," to a large and appreciative audience at Good's Opera House in South Bend. Mr. Gough is always worth hearing.

THE MORALE.—The lecture of J. B. Gough, delivered for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., was equal to the best sermon on "Temperance" that has or may ever be preached. It depicted in a most forcible manner the evil results of the abominable vice with which society is cursed. Yet, what of it? What good will it do to the hundreds and thousands who did not hear the lecture and are the slaves of intemperance? What good will it do to the community at large, if the sons of the best families (minors at that) are entrapped in the saloons of the city and can purchase liquor from unscrupulous dealers? Would it not be a *propos* to assist the lecture with a strict administration of justice, and punish those who demoralize youth? Every honest man would applaud the measure.

A full report of the exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will be given in our next number; also the honorable mentions from St. Mary's Academy, crowded out this week.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

Messrs. Editors: As many weeks have elapsed since the numerous readers of the SCHOLASTIC have been informed of the *doings* of the St. Edward's Literary Association, we trust they will not deduce the might-be obvious conclusion that we have been hibernating, and were consequently in a dormant state. This, however, we are happy to testify, has not been our condition. The members have all been actively engaged in the performance of the various duties assigned them, and, with the exception of a few evenings, our meetings have been held regularly and the usual exercises have taken place. Those—the critics—whose duty it is to report the literary sessions, have been very negligent of late, and hence your readers have been kept in the dark. Still, let them not believe that we were idle, but remember that Shakspeare says

"The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails."

Trusting that in future our many friends will hear regularly from us by medium of the SCHOLASTIC, we will be content with making our last reunion the special subject of this article.

The regular literary performances of last Tuesday evening were laid aside, and, on invitation, Rev. Father Brown, former President of the Association, delivered a beautiful and carefully prepared lecture on the Middle Ages.

The Rev. Father treated the subject with such admirable skill and ability as to clearly manifest his thorough acquaintance with the history of that period, which has so unhappily received the appellation of dark. He proved satisfactorily to all present that in those ages science had indeed made many rapid strides, and that to them we are much indebted for a great number of the comforts of civilized life which we now enjoy. He conclusively showed that the Roman Catholic Church had been instrumental in accomplishing this, and also in delivering from threatening destruction the illustrious works of Literature, Art, and Science of antiquity. He completely removed, we believe, the impression from every unbiased mind, that those monks, whose indefatigable labors preserved declining civilization, ever deserved the severe censure which they have received from succeeding prejudiced generations. It would, however, be a foolish undertaking for us to endeavor to communicate even a faint idea of the lecture which we had the pleasure of hearing, for to be appreciated it must be heard. We hope the Rev. Father will at an early day afford a greater number the opportunity of listening to the same able lecturer.

In closing, we would beg leave to return the sincere thanks of the Association to Father Brown, and hope that ere long he will favor us with another lecture of a similar nature.

ACADEMIE CIVIS.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The sixteenth regular meeting of the above-named Association was held Tuesday evening, 7th instant.

At this meeting the following question was debated: *Resolved*, "That the peaceful accession of the Canadas to the United States would be beneficial." Messrs. T. M. Johnson and E. D. Fisher, the former on the affirmative and the latter on the negative, being absent, the debate was conducted by Messrs. W. Waldo and J. M. Moriarty.

Mr. Waldo supported the negative in an able and interesting speech, showing a thorough comprehension of the subject under discussion.

Mr. Moriarty opened the debate in defense of

the affirmative, but his arguments were not deemed sufficient to justify a decision in favor of his side of the question.

The President after summing up the arguments and passing a few remarks upon the subject, gave a decision for the negative.

A committee consisting of Messrs. J. M. Gearing, J. A. Dickinson, and J. M. Moriarty were, with the unanimous assent of the Society, appointed to wait on Prof. A. J. Stace for the purpose of inviting him to deliver a lecture before the Association in the course of the present or coming month. The talented gentleman acceded to their request.

The seventeenth regular meeting was held Tuesday evening, 15th inst.

After the usual routine of business, the meeting opened by a proposition, on the part of one of the members, that the debate that was to take place on this evening be postponed, and that a committee be appointed to wait on Prof. Paul Broder, formerly professor at the University, and invite the learned gentleman to speak before the Association. The motion was unanimously carried. The President then appointed Messrs. J. A. Dickinson, H. P. Morancy, and W. Waldo, to act as said committee.

Mr. Broder's appearance elicited the marks of esteem and respect in which he is evidently held by the members. He spoke for over an hour, and unprepared though he was, his discourse was certainly highly instructive, and must prove as beneficial as it was entertaining. He adverted to the manner in which students should pursue their studies, and reminded them that the only sure road to success was a thorough earnestness of character in the main pursuits of life, and an unqualified rectitude of conduct in our communications with our fellow-men. He enlivened his discourse by many incidents connected with his own college days. He closed his remarks by quoting the famous "speech" of Charles Dickens: "Do just the best you can, and make as little fuss about it as possible!"

At the conclusion, Rev. Father Spillard, President of the Association, arose and thanked the speaker in behalf of the Society; and after hearing read the "*Gazette of Two-Penny Club*," the meeting on motion adjourned.

J. M. MORIARTY, Cor. Sec.

Juanita B. B. C.

NOTRE DAME, March 16, 1870.

Messrs. Editors: All who have, for any length of time, sojourned at the University are not unacquainted with the success by which the efforts of the "gay Juanita boys" have hitherto been crowned. And we are pleased to announce, for the information of our friends, that the club has organized for the coming contest during the baseball season, which is so near at hand—and that, also, every member seems to be fully determined that the approaching season shall not prove a void in that long chain of success which the Juanita club, by its indefatigable energy and skill in the use of ball and bat, has forged for itself. For this organization the first regular meeting of the club for the present session was held February 20th, 1870. After a few preliminary remarks by the president of last year, officers for the ensuing term were elected. When the ballot had been consulted, the following result was obtained:

Director, Brother Benoit; President, Jas. A. O'Reilly; Vice-President, A. W. Arrington; Rec. Secretary, W. K. Roy; Cor. Secretary, R. Boyd; Treasurer, J. A. Fox; 1st Field Director, J. A. Moon; 2d Field Director, Charles Marantette; 1st Censor, J. Duffy; 2d Censor, L. F. Wilson.

Respectfully yours,

COR. SEC'Y.

MR. JOHN McLAUGHLIN, the Indian Club teacher, has formed quite a large class here, among the Juniors especially. It is unnecessary to say that much good will be derived from such exercises, and those whose health is impaired by sickness or weakened by close studies should by all means swing the clubs for a while.

A CARD.—Messrs. Editors: The members of the Star of the East Base-ball Club desire, through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, to return their sincere thanks to Brother Ildefonsus for his kindness in procuring various delicacies, and for serving up in such splendid style the bivalves, *et cetera bona*, on the occasion of their oyster supper, Friday evening, Feb. 25th.

F. KAISER, Sec'y.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 1, 1870.

On the 12th inst. the inmates of St. Mary's were thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement by two important arrivals, viz: the venerable Father Superior-General of Holy Cross, E. Sorin, from Europe, and our beloved Mother Angela from Washington city.

The congratulatory greetings and expression of delight on every countenance, gave lively evidence of the joyous satisfaction occasioned by the return of these venerated and beloved Superiors.

The impulsive younger pupils gave loud demonstrations of their delight, and hastened to claim their special privilege of being among the first to surround and welcome those long absent ones whose return has been so eagerly desired.

In the afternoon all the pupils assembled in the large study hall, to give Rev. Father Sorin a formal welcome. As he entered the hall the Vocal Class sang a welcome song and chorus, written for the occasion. Then followed an address from the Senior Department, read by Miss Ellie Ewing; then a *great big welcome* from the little Juniors and Minims, who were represented by Misses Anna Clark, little Bel Quan, Bel Henry and Ada Garrity.

Very Rev. Father General seemed much pleased with their expressions of delight at his safe return, and after some very kind remarks, promised to give them (at an early opportunity) an account of his travels, and a description of the highly interesting appearance of the Holy City during the present grand Council. This promise he redeemed Sunday afternoon, much to the satisfaction of an attentive audience.

Rev. Father presided in the evening at the distribution of Points and Tickets of conduct. He seemed much gratified at the number of pupils, and their good standing in Class and deportment as shown by the honors awarded to so many of the young ladies. Essays were read by Misses E. Kirwan, J. Arrington and M. Cook, which gave evidence of good taste and talent.

ARRIVALS.

Miss L. Bishop, McHenry, Ill.; Miss C. Woods, Niles, Mich.; Miss J. Spencer, Cleveland, Ohio.

TABLE OF HONOR—March 6th.

Sr. Department.—Misses A. Sturgis, M. Lasson, E. Forrestill, A. Hurst, M. Landgraff, J. Forbes, N. Thomson, J. Darcy, L. English, M. Coffey, V. and J. Leoni.

March 13th.

Misses M. Lacy, T. Fox, R. Fox, M. Carpenter, M. Walton, L. Chamberlain, M. Streher, F. and C. Sharp, L. Qualy, M. King, L. Ramsdill.